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MAMMY'S BABY



Illustrations by

· IDA WAUGH ·

Verses by

AMY ELLA BLANCHARD.

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GIFT OF

Louise Farrow Barr





Mammy's Baby.

ILLUSTRATED BY

IDA WAUGH,

VERSES BY

Amy Ella Blanchard

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“SEE HOW STRONG I AM.”

SO strong are you, my baby?
I see that very plain;
For you can hold above your head
Papa's big, heavy cane.

Why, soon you can be lifting,
For your mamma, the chairs;
Or bringing heavy books to her,
Or helping her up-stairs.

Then you can mail her letters,
And run her errands, too;
There is no end of all the things
My baby soon will do.

You soon will be quite manly,
Too soon, mamma thinks, dear;
For she'd like to keep her baby
Many, many a year.



CARE.

MAMMA has gone for a moment,
And all the world is awry,
For it takes so very little
To make this baby cry.



DON'T CARE.

ALL alone they have left him
With only tables and chairs,
And so he laughs and plays to himself,
And never a bit he cares.



TWO NAMELESS KITTENS.

TWO little kittens, quite aristocratic,
 Lived in a rummagy, cobwebbed attic.
 They were no commonplace cats, if you
 please,
 But sleek-coated, fine-furred, thorough Malt-
 ese.

Said one to the other, "It is a shame
 That we two kittens have never a name.
 We belong to no one, none belongs to us,
 Though I've heard some call our mother
 'Ma'am Puss.'"

"Hark!" said the other, "here mother comes
 now.

We'll both of us set up a dismal meow.
 If she boxes our ears, or gives a cuff,
 Or asks if we haven't had food enough,
 We'll tell her our grief is deeper than that,
 We think it a shame that so proud a cat
 Should have two children with no names, at
 all.

And then we will mew and cat-er-waul,
 Till she tells us how she came to be named.
 We will let her know that we feel ashamed."
 With a waving tail, and a stately tread,
 In came the mother cat, stopped short, and
 said,

"What has happened, children, since I went
 out?

What in the world is this fuss about?"

"O, mother, mother! we cannot be blamed;
 Tell us, dear mother, why we are not named;
 We are so ashamed, oh, what shall we do!
 Meow, meow! O, dear mother! Meow,
 meow! Mew, mew!"

"Well," said their mother, "blood will tell, I'm
 sure;

Such ambitious kittens show Maltese, pure.
 Let me think, my dears, of some right good
 plan;

Now, keep very still, for I must and can."
 Then, softly licking one little, grey kit,
 By the nape of the neck she picked up it,
 And marched off grandly, came back for
 the other,

And laid it down gently beside its brother,
 On the bed of her mistress, Florence Flippet,
 One on her muff, and one on her tippet,
 Then sat down, placidly washing her face,
 Well pleased that her kits were in a good
 place.

"I declare!" said Florence, "what is on my
 bed?

A tail—paws—claws—and a little grey head,
 Two new kittens, as I live. I declare!
 I wonder who on earth could put them there.
 Oh, they're yours, Ma'am Puss; well, they
 are too sweet.

I will keep them both; to make them com-
 plete

Each shall have a ribbon, one red, one blue.
 Indeed, Ma'am Puss, I'm much obliged to you.
 They shall have milk whenever they can sip it,
 I'll call one Muff, and the other one Tippet."
 Ma'am Puss winked slyly, not saying a word,
 Rubbed against her mistress, and softly
 purred.

That is all about it, for so, you see, it came
 These aristocratic kittens each had a name.





IN MISCHIEF.

FOUR little kits in a basket,
O, the naughty kits!
Scattering the things about the floor,
Pulling them to bits.

Here is a ball of worsted,
O, the naughty kits!
It is the very ball that Belle
Uses when she knits.

There is a ball in a tangle,
O, the naughty kits!
Here is some silk all in a snarl,
There a pair of mitts.

One of these frolicsome kittens —
O, the naughty kits!
Has tried the baby's stocking on,
To see how it fits.

Belle, meanwhile, in the parlor,
O, the naughty kits!
Never dreams of this frolic;
By the window sits.

When she comes back and finds you,
O, you naughty kits!
I've an idea you'll be frightened
Nearly out of your wits.



GRANDMA'S BABY.

BIG, blue eyes and fuzzy head,
Lips like cherries, rosy red,
Cunning feet, with wee, pink toes,
Rose-leaf hands, and tiny nose,
Dimpled elbows, shoulders, knees,
Round her wrists a little crease,
One white tooth just peeping through
When she tries to say "Goo-goo!"
What if ev'ry one must walk
All a tip-toe, scarcely talk,
When she takes her morning nap?
That is nothing. Though a lap

Is the only place at night
That will suit her fancy quite.
Though she screams and shrieks with rage,
Did you do less at her age?
What if she must clutch and tear
From its roots her grandma's hair?
If your watch will keep her quiet,
Why, my dear, of course you'll try it.
Bang the tongs, she's fond of music.
Does she cry? *You* would, were *you* sick.
Spoiled, you say? You think so, maybe.
But, you see, she's Grandma's baby.



TOO PRECIOUS.

YOU want my dolly, Baby?
I really must say, No.
I love it quite too much, you see,
To ever let it go.

For now 't is fresh and lovely,
But I'm afraid, my dear,
If once I let you have it,
'T would soon look very queer.



MAMMY'S BABY.

DIS chile? Why, bless you, honey!
She sutt'nly is dat sweet
You wouldn't need no sugar,
Ef she was made to eat.

An' smart! de smartes' baby
Dere is in all dis town;
She got her toofes long befo'
Dat no count Hay'et Brown.

An' loves her mammy, don' she?
Law, bless de honey chile!
She know ez well ez I do
What makes her mammy smile.

She this go tug at mammy,
And try to pull her hyar,
An' try to poke out mammy's eyes,
But mammy ain' gwine cyar.

Now tell de lady what yo name,
An' den how big you is;
Now kiss yo hand to lady,
So she know how you's riz.

Now come with old Betheuk,
She gwine to take you home,
An' may be you learn howdy
De nex time dat you come.



HUNTING FOR EGGS.

HOW many eggs has Birdie found?
One she saw lying on the ground,
Four in a new nest hid away,
All snug and dark, beneath the hay.

Three were down by the currant
bush,
Close to the fence, where tall weeds
push,
Crowd through the rails, and climb
about.
But birdie saw the hen come out.

Under the south porch steps were
two,
For out of there old Top-knot flew,
She fussed, and clucked, and cackled
so,
That Birdie knew just where to go.

And one lay down in Billy's stall
Among the corn, and that was all.
How many were there? Let us see;
I'll count with you, you count with
me.

First, four will go into a cake
That old Aunt Phoebe wants to bake.
The coffee one will clear, you know.
For grandma's breakfast two must go.
Three in the muffins, add to seven,
And one is left — that's just eleven.



THE RUDE RABBIT.

THERE were some little rabbits that once
lived in a wood;
Some were gray, and some were white, and all
were very good
Except one little rabbit, who was so impo-
lite
That his mother had to scold him from morn-
ing until night.

He never thought of waiting at meal-time for
the rest,
But always first began to eat, and tried to get
the best.
He would reach across the table, and sometimes,
I must own,
He even helped himself before his mother
could sit down.

Then how he interrupted, if a friend across
the way
Came to call upon his mother, perhaps to
spend the day.
He would never walk behind her, in a nice,
respectful way,
But would rush right in, and never wait with
what he had to say.

He never would say "Thank you," and scarcely
ever "Please,"
And when he wanted anything, he'd tease, and
tease, and tease.
He'd the rudest way of calling his mother to
come down,
And, without knocking, walked in rooms as if
they were his own.

And these are only half the things this little
rabbit did;
He never seemed to learn enough to do as he
was bid,
Till no one ever asked him to visit or to
ride,
And they'd look at him most scornfully, be-
cause he had no pride.

And when this little rabbit a full-grown rabbit
was,
He had to live all by himself, quite unloved,
because
He was so rude nobody cared to have him
within sight—
To think of what a difference, had he but been
polite.



SNOWDRIFTS.

OVER you go
Into the snow,
Eyes are bright, cheeks in a glow.
Out he crawls,
Now snow-balls
Fly against the trees and walls.

O, this is prime,
Now's the time
To run and tumble, race and climb.
When we are old,
Snow will seem cold,
And we'll not be overbold.

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